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Teaching a Lesson to the Banks.

Harry Leonard, brokers' messenger, is a sensational prisoner with a unique defense.

In an age which calls it "high" finance to lend millions to office boys, he must not be regarded as a surprise.

Young Leonard says he stole \$300,000 worth of securities to show Wall street how easily it could be done. He wanted to teach the banks a lesson.

The operation in forgery by which the boy got the bonds was criminally clever. His plea in extenuation is at least shrewd. Leonard is precocious after a fashion which does credit to the most devious teachings of "high" finance.

Wall street has an atmosphere which is to natural keenness of a certain sort what the air of a hothouse is to a young plant. Developing under such a feverish influence, this boy reached the stage where he could see himself fooling his elders by taking advantage of their own methods. He saw safety sacrificed to rush in stock-transfer methods. And he rushed a bit for himself.

It appears now that the Leonard precocity has been forced too rapidly; that it has blossomed to a blight.

A more gradual development might have favored the young man's rise to prominence in whatever group of syndicate artists may succeed to the financiers of the Hyde-Alexander-Perkins coterie. It is possible that he might have come to the invention of an absolutely new game of buy-yourself-out-and-sell-yourself-in.

However, he has succeeded in one thing. He has made his story one that "the Street" will have to heed.

A startling variant from such tales of fraud as involve directors who do not direct, it points still the same moral.

Eternal vigilance is not only the price of security to an institution of trust; it is necessary to the saving from himself of every possibly weak man in a place of trust. It is a form of mutual moral insurance.

The bond thief has taught his lesson to the banks, though perhaps at greater personal cost than he had reckoned upon.

The Foot in the Aisle.

Men venture to make two sides to the question of giving up their seats to women in the local transit cars.

Except for the \$10 inducements offered by The Evening World.

The little picture given herewith suggests a nuisance of street car and "L" car travel concerning which there can be but one opinion.

It is the Foot in the Aisle.

Sometimes the Foot is in a polished shoe. Sometimes it is quite

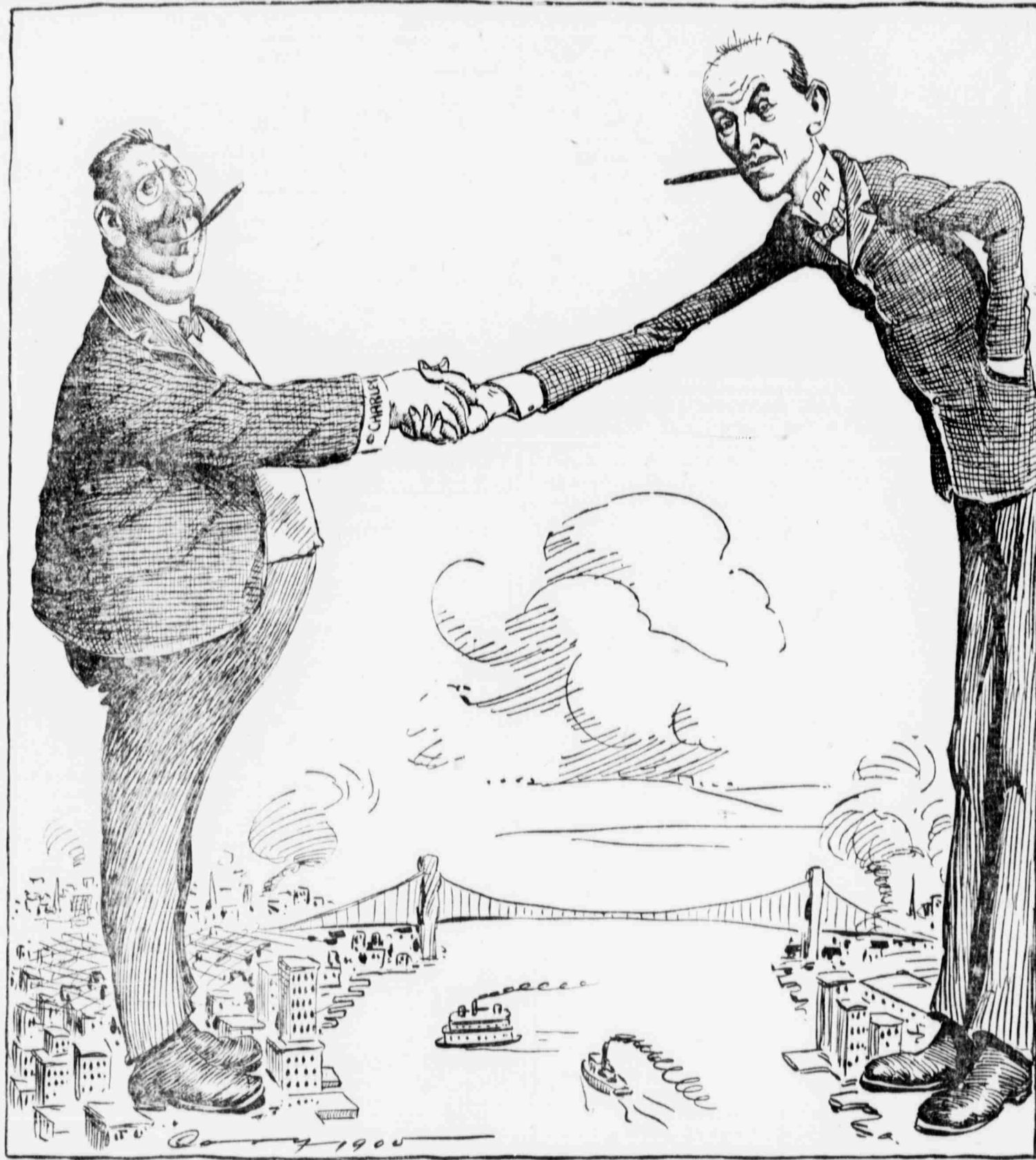
otherwise. Always it is a Foot in the wrong place.

It sheds its dust or mud impartially on the garments of rich and humble. In that respect it is a democratic Foot.

But in democracy there is no saving quality for a nuisance.

If it is your Foot we advise you quite honestly and kindly to take it down.

The city milk was never better, according to Health Commissioner Darlington. And the city death rate is the lowest since 1798. As for the State, there are fewer idle wage-earners, Labor Commissioner Sherman tells us, than even in 1902, the most prosperous year of a decade. There is no lack, it appears, of bright sides to look at.



Letters from the People & Answers to Questions.

On Thursday, Nov. 30.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day of the month will Thanksgiving Day fall this year?
O. W. Paterson, N. J.

Subway Car Oddity.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I boarded a subway car during the rush hour recently. I was on an express train, third car from the front. This car was jammed. I counted forty-one people standing in the aisle. I batted my way through to the next car in front. Every seat was taken, but not one soul was standing. I passed on to the front car, where I found several vacant seats. Who can explain this odd apportionment of passengers? Every standing in one car and none standing in the next.
SCARLET.

Objection to Nobel Prize Gift.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Why all this talk of tendering the Nobel Peace Prize to President Roosevelt in recognition of his services as peace-maker? Does not the Constitution forbid him to accept it? A President cannot accept emolument from a foreign country.
F. C.

Plaint of White Wing's Wife.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a woman sixty-two years old, and my husband is employed in the Street-Cleaning Department. He is compelled to have two suits a week, and three if the weather is rainy. The washing is very severe on my health and I cannot afford to send the clothes to a laundry. I think the city should have them washed. So many poor

women would be glad to get work. I think it is wrong to take home those clothes where there are children. The Board of Health should look into this rule of the Street-Cleaning Department for the benefit of poor people.
Mrs. J. M.

What Is the Limit?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The higher rents each year and the higher price of food and oil and coal are not accompanied by higher wages. Hence, in time, the cost of living must, by artificial progression, exceed the price of wages. Then something must happen or wage-earners will starve, and no one will be left to pay for the high-priced things or live in the high-priced homes, which will ruin the people who are booming prices. Now, where and

how and (approximately) when will the change come? What political economist can answer me?
SARA B.

Four Kinds of Gold.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A correspondent requests weight of a cubic foot of gold. Molecular weight has nothing whatever to do with specific gravity. Following is the specific gravity and cubic weight of four kinds of gold, water being 1,000 sp. gr. and 62.35 lb. per cubic foot.

| Gold, hammered. | Sp. gr. | Lb. cu. ft. | Oz. cu. in. |
|--|---------|-------------|-------------|
| Ordinary | 19.302 | 120.97 | 11.34 |
| Gold, cast | 19.293 | 120.50 | 11.25 |
| Gold, pure | 19.298 | 120.53 | 11.25 |
| Gold, fused (not hammered), English 22 karat | 18.888 | 117.80 | 10.010 |

W. B. HALSEY.

HOT TIPS ON FINANCE.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Letters of an Insurance Man Abroad to His Son on Broadway.

MONTE CARLO, Sept. 10.
MY DEAR BOY: I just caught the boat ahead of the press-server. This man Hughes is somewhat too intense for your father. I got mine, and when I realized the putty was to be pried out of all the blow-holes in the life insurance business I packed the yellow-dog flap into a vesting" their money for them. And then you invested it in your vest. All you had to do was to look solemn. This was one thing Chauncey Depue couldn't do. His sense of humor was too much for him. He just had to laugh. Sometimes I found it hard to keep a straight face myself.

In consequence, Chauncey wasn't personally trusted by the small man of means or the widow and orphan. They always wanted a serious man. They felt he was safer and more conservative. But Chauncey came around to the back door and got his from those that got theirs, but he never got his first-hand.

We earned our money. We never had any fun. I'm going to have mine now, and as the old game is done for, and as I can't work you in at fifty thousand a year to occupy a roll-top desk in a private office for an hour a day, you might as well have some fun yourself.

You can draw on me for anything within reason. But don't invest in any

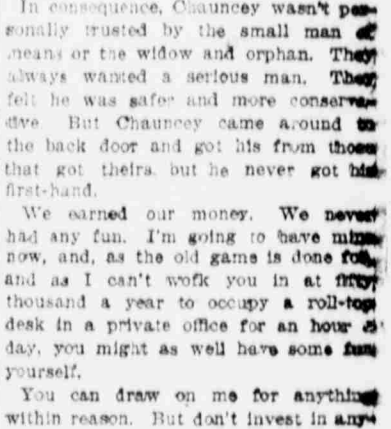
"The widows and orphans pester you to death."

valise and tipped the steward to sit me at the captain's table.

I'll be abroad till Rockefeller gets a hair cut, and if you do not want to run over and join your old dad, stay in New York and enjoy yourself. I've got mine and I won't be stingy with you. As I am out of reach, my name may not be brought into the investigation. On the other hand, they may blame it all on me. I don't care; the game's played out, and after being an upright business man of spotless integrity for forty years I am coming out into the open and be a sport.

Let them say what they like, but don't forget that I've got mine and "Everybody works but father!"

I see by the New York papers that the Fusionists and Republicans have frizzled in finding a citizen of reputation and standing to run on the anti-Tammany ticket for Mayor. Take it from me that they can't find a citizen of reputation and standing, because these days, I'm afraid the gentle art of smug bunco is over. Time was that one only needed a clean shave, a gold watch and a silk hat, and the widows and orphans would just pour you in to death to take charge. All one had to do was to howl for civic decency and have solid mahogany office furniture and people came and just begged you to do them the favor of "in-



"Chauncey came around to the back door."

thing. Gamble if you want, or play the races. You will, at least, see how your money goes and won't be bored reading financial fiction in the way of nicely figured figures to show you it will be necessary to put up again.

I have noticed a tendency on your part to interest yourself in Sunday-school work. Don't do it. People will talk about you.

Stand out in the limelight and spend your money. The John W. Gates type is the popular sort that inspires confidence these days.

Have a good time. I'm going to. Affectionately,

YOUR DAD.

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A YESHA:

THE FURTHER HISTORY OF

She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "She," "Allan Quatermain," "King Solomon's Mines," etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Leo Vinney and Horace Holly, two Englishmen, start for an unknown country beyond Tibet in search of a wonderful and supposedly immortal woman known as "She" or "Ayesha." In former years they had met this woman in Africa, where she had loved and been loved by Leo. He is a victim of a love that is as strong as death. He has been told that she still lives and is waiting for him in a land across the mountains.

Passing these mountains they come to the land of Khasha, the Khan, or Queen of Khasha, falls in love with Leo, and by the arts of her uncle, Shabul, the Shaman, (sorcerer) she succeeds in winning him. But Leo, learning that she is a sorcerer, and that she is a woman, he turns away from her. He goes to the Khan, and the Khan, who is a sorcerer, tells him that he has seen the woman in a vision, and that she is waiting for him in a land across the mountains.

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"What are you?" shouted Leo, and his voice echoed drearily among those naked rocks. But the creature did not answer. It only continued to beckon.

Leo walked up to it to assure himself that he was not the victim of some hallucination. As he came it glided back to its heap of bones and stood there like a ghost of one dead arisen from amid those grinning evidences of death, or rather a swathed corpse, for that is what it resembled. Leo followed, with the intention of touching it to assure himself of its reality, whereon it lifted its white-wrapped arm and struck him lightly on the breast. Then, as he recoiled, it pointed with its hand, first upward, as though to the peak or the sky, and next at the wall of rock which faced us.

He returned to me, saying: "What shall we do?"

"Follow, I suppose. It may be a messenger from above," and I nodded toward the mountain crest.

"From below, more likely," Leo muttered, "for I don't like the look of this guide."

Still, he motioned with his hand to the creature to proceed. Apparently it understood, for it turned to the left and began to pick its way among the stones and skeletons swiftly and without noise.

We followed for several hundred yards, till it reached a shallow cleft in the rock. This cleft we had seen already, but as it appeared to end at a depth of about thirty feet, we passed on. The figure entered here and vanished.

"It must be a shadow," said Leo, doubtfully.

"Nonsense!" I answered. "Shadows don't strike one. Go on!"

So he led the horse up the cleft, to find that at the end it turned sharply to the right, and that the form was standing there awaiting us. Forward it went again, and we after it, down a little gorge that grew ever gloomier, till it terminated in what might have been a cave, or a gallery cut in the rock.

Here our guide came back to us, apparently with the intention of taking us aside of the bridge in its swathed hand, and Leo clinging to the outer, we pushed into the tunnel.

At length we saw daylight, and never was I more glad of its advent, although it showed us that there was a gulf on our right and that the path we traveled



struck Leo, whereon the horse trembled could not measure more than ten feet and burst into a sweat, as though with

in width. Presently we entered a gully, following a rough path that led along the edge of a raging torrent. It was a desolate place, half a mile wide or more, having hundreds of fantastic lava boulders strewn about its slopes. Before we had gone a mile I heard a shrill whistle, and suddenly from behind these boulders sprang a number of men, quite fifty of them.

All we could note at the time was that they were brawny, savage-looking fellows, for the most part red-haired and bearded, although their complexions were rather dark, who wore cloaks of white goat skins, and carried spears

and shields. I should imagine that they were not unlike the ancient Hittites and Romans. At us they came uttering their shrill, whistling cries, evidently with the intention of snaring us on the spot.

Now for it," said Leo, drawing his sword, for escape was impossible; they were all around us. Good-by, Horace. "Good-by," I answered rather faintly, understanding that the old Shaman had meant when they said that we should be killed before we ascended the first slope of the mountain.

Meanwhile our ghastly-looking guide had slipped behind a great boulder, and even then it occurred to me that her part in the tragedy being played, she, if it were a woman at all, was withdrawing herself while we met our

miserable fate. But here I did her injustice, for she had, I suppose, come to save us from this very fate, when, without her presence, we must most certainly have suffered.

When the savages were within a few yards, suddenly she appeared on the top of the boulder, looking like a second Witch of Endor. He roared and she said, "No word at all, only stretched out her drapery arm, but the effect was instantaneous."

At sight of her down on our faces went those dead men, every one of them, as though a lightning stroke had in an instant swept them out of existence. Then she let her drapery arm and, as she was the leader of the band, rose and crept toward her with bowed head, submissive as a beaten dog.

To him she made signs, pointing to us, pointing to the far-off peak, crossing and uncrossing her white-wrapped arms, but so far as I could hear, speaking no word. It was evident that the chief understood her, however, for he said something in a guttural language.

Then he uttered his shrill whistle, whereon the band arose and that so that in another minute they had vanished as quickly as they came. Now our guide motioned to us to proceed, and led the way upward as calmly as though nothing had happened.

For over two hours we went on thus, till our path brought us from the ravine on to a grassy declivity, across which shined a fire burning, and hanging above the fire an earthenware pot, which was on the bell, although the figure signalled to me to dismount, pointing to the pot. In token that we were to eat the food when darkness came, I went to the edge of the torrent to drink and steep my wounded arm in its ice-cold stream. This relieved it greatly, and now I was sure of recovery for the time being.

While Leo offloaded the beast and spread the provender for it, taking with me a spare earthen vessel that lay built against the rock. In front of these houses, the moonlight shining full upon them, were gathered several hundred savages, all of whom, in a semi-circle and in alternate companies, appeared to be engaged in the celebration of some rite.

It was wild enough. In front of them, and in the exact centre of the semi-circle, stood a gigantic, red-bearded man, whose name I asked except for a skin knife about his loins. He was swinging himself backward and forward, his hands resting upon his hips, and as he swung shouting something like "Ho, hah, ho!"

When he bent toward the audience he bent toward him, and every time he straightened himself he bowed his head about his loins. He was swinging himself backward and forward, his hands resting upon his hips, and as he swung shouting something like "Ho, hah, ho!"

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